





The Cup

By Delta A. Sanderson

I do not think the metal likes the fire
That purges it of dross,
Nor do I think it finds the hammer kind.
But it must suffer fire and hammer,
Block and blade,
Before the gleaming chalice,
Chased and pure,
Stands fit to ransom kings.

Kite Strings

By C. Diane Quigley

Moroni

By Donnell W. Hunter

The stone now rests in place,
its edges carefully concealed in turf
as if unturned since Ramah times
when first this hill heard battle cries,
first felt the heavy marching feet
of armed and angry men
who fought like giants
one week's war—
till only one survived,
his headless foe beneath his fainting feet.
All must men hurtle here in hate